Attorneys.

A. L. LESSICK. Attorney-at-Law, Office on Perry St. over H. E. Cary's Store, Napo meh)7-78147

MARTIN KNUPP, Attorney at Law, Office in Dittenhaver's Block, Washington St, Jus-79 A. H. TYLER,

Attorney-at-Law And Notdry Public. in room with J. H. Tyler, Tyler Block islattention paid to conveyancing. my21

R. W. CAHILL, Attorney and Counselor at Law. OFFICE on Washington street, in first buildin west of Humphrey's old corner. oct 21'80

M. RUMMELL, Attorney at Law, and Real Estate Agent. Office fram & Meyer Building (second story) Napoleon. Ohlo, All bus-less entrusted to his care will be promptly at-tended to. decis-78.

C. YOUNG, Notary Public and Conveyancer, I iberty Center, Benry county, O. All business of the office promptly attended to.

E. A. PALMER,

Attorney-at-Law And Notary Public,

NAPOLEON, - - - OHIO. A lso Attorney for Pensions, Bounty, Back pay etc. Collections promptly attended to. Office up stairs Vocke Block fronting Perry Street.

Tyler & Donnelly. Attorneys-at-Law, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, Office in Tyler's Block, 2nd story, Washington street.

DAVID MEEKISON.

Attorney and Counselor - At - Law. Office, 2d story in Frease Block, Washington St., Opposite Court House, Dec. 30, 1880. J. M. HAAG. J. P. RAGAN.

HAAG & RAGAN. Attorneys - at - Law.

Napoteon, Ohio. OMS No. 5 & 6, Vocke Block. Will practice in orth Western courts and United States courts. Iness will receive prompt attention. April 8-80

HAGUE & HUBBARD Attorneys and Counselors - At - Law,

Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio. Will practice the law in all its branches, in Henry and neighboring counties. Real estate law and Abstracts of Titles a specialty. Office in Heller Block on Washington street, opposite Northwest Office.

Justice of the Deace.

H. REEDER, Justice of the Peace, Grocery. Special attention paid to collections which will receive promptattention. ap124-79

PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Justice of the Peace, Pleasant twp., Henry county, Ohio. New Bayaria P. O. may 23-77

PETER PUNCHES, Justice of the Pasce, Marion twp., Heary county, Ohio. Hamler, P. O. Box 55. EDWARD PEYTON. Justice of the Peace and Notary Public,

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[jan1673-tf] PHILLIP WEBB, Barber and Hair-

[oct30,'73-tf]

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MANUFACTURERS of Carriages, Buggles, an M Wagons of every description. Special attention paid to light werk, which will be gauranteed to be first-class in every particular. Do not go out of Henry County for work butgive us a trial. Also de Horse Sheeing and all kinds offeepairing. Brick Shop cornerol Washington.

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Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio.

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All work done on short notice. Laboratory in Humphrey's Drug Store. my11

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OPEN to both sexes—with clegant home for young ladies. Five buildings. Extensive libraries, laboratories and museum. Actual average cost to young men for the last college year, including all items, except clothing. \$185.00. Classical, Scientific, Preparatory and Normal courses. Special advantages in Music, Painting and Sciences. Attendance 568. In college classes 273. Write for Catalogue. College year begins Sept. 14th. C. H. PAYNE, I.L. D., President.

Miscellanions.

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les in the Country.

Successorsto First National Bank. NAPOLEON, O.

Deposit accounts received and certificates of de-ositisated payable on demand or at a fixed date saring interest.

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A T his Meat Market, Perry street, Mutton, Hams and Shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, &c. Farmers having fatcattle, hogs, aboep, hidesand peltsfor sale should give meacall.

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Office over Reeder's Boot and Shoe Store. All operations pertaining to Dentistry carefully performed. Laughing Gas, administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and orices to suit the times. Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878.

Sash and Blind Facory PLANING MILL.

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casing, Floorings Sidings, Shingles, Finished Lumber, Rough Lumber, and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, wal-nut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber bought and sold.

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The Thing Most Needed!

CO NOT AWAY HUNGRY! JOHN BEILHARZ

Dining Parlors Up stairs in Ludeman's block over Norden & Co's Store, on east side of Perry Street, Napoleon, where

WARM MEALS,

Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the inner man craves, can be had at all hours, day or Dysters raw.....

Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War! E. Bressler&Co., Manufacturer of

Lath, Pickets, Shingles &c. Pickets made to order, plain or fancy. Prices according to the times. All work warranted. Shopin Damascus township, in the Beaver settlement, Henry county. O. deci-79-1f.

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HOUSE, SICN,
Ornamental Fresco Painting

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All kinds of Boots and Shoes manufactured to derin the neatest and most substantial manner short notice.

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Napoleon, Ohio, Perry : cet south side of Canal Parties wishing neat fitting suit of clothes will de well to call on me. By selecting from my very large and very fine line of piece goods you will have no difficulty in finding such goods re you may de aire. ** Satisfaction given in every particular. sept24-79tf. S. M. HONICK:

NEW LIVERY STABLE. J. B. FOSTER

Has established a new livery in the quarters formerly occupied by E. T. Barnes, just north of the Miller House, where he will keep teams for hire at low rates, and do a general feeding and livery business.

In connection with the obove a back line will be run to and from all trains. Parties wishing to be conveyed to or from the depot can leave orders at the barn or at the Merchant's Hotel.

Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1880-iyr.

NEW

Shop South Side of River, Napoleon, Ohio.

Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggles, Spring and Lumber Wagons. Also repairing and repainting done at reasonable rates. Horse Sheeing a specialty. JOHN W. KNIPP, Proprietor,

Poetry.

Roll on, ye stars ! exult in youthful per us, Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time Near and more near your beamy cars approach, And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encreach; Flowers of the sky! Ye too to age must yield, I .wi as your silken sisters of the field. Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush, Suns sink on suns and systems on systems crush Headlong extinct to one dark centre fa 1, And death, and night and chaos mingle all; Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm, Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form. Monnts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame

Select Story.

VAUTREAU THE VAMPIRE.

The person distinguished by this pleasant soubriquet was a picture and brica-brac dealer, whose dark, dusty, over-crowded little shop in the Rue de Provence was well known, some fifteen years ago, to every artist and dilletante in Paris.

artist and dilletante in Paris.

At the back was an office, still dingier than the shop, where at any time, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., the proprietor might be dimly discerned seated at a high deak, immersed in figures. He was a bachelor, on the wrong side of sixty; small and spare and dry in person, imperturbable in manner, with a grating voice turbable in manner, with a grating voice and a sarcastic smile. Modest as was his establishment, his

business was on a very extensive scale, and was not confined to the buying and selling

of pictures.

He styled himself "Man of Business," an elastic title, which covers other callings besides an agent's. For instance, it may mean a usurer; not that we assert M. Vaumean a usurer; not that we assert at. Yau-treau to have been a usurer, any more than the father of the "Bourgeois Gentil-homme" was a "shop-keeper," but having a good deal of money, and being of an obliging disposition, he lent it to his friends, and in return for the accommodation consented to receive interest which ranged from fifty per cent. upwards. His clients were for the most part brethren of the brush, though there were not a few men of letters, rising doctors, and barristers among them. Talent was his security. He prided himself on discovering at once whether a young man had a future, and his penetration was so seldom at fault that to be "one of Vautreau's men" was a recom-

It is true that his enemies—those malicious persons who had nick-named him the "Vampire"—asserted that Vautreau's men generally came to grief in the long-run, and that more than one promising young artist who had mortgaged to him time, talent, and prospects had ended miserably, bankrupt in all. But such slanders M. Yautreau could afford to disregard. Whoever failed, he flourished; "adding to golden numbers-golden numbers," growing every year more prosperous, envied, and dreaded.

His shop, as has been said, was in the Rue de Provence, but the appartment which he had occupied for more than twenty years was on the Left Bank, in the Rue St. Jacques, that " long unlovely street' which leads from the Quartier des Ecoles

to the Observatoire,

Here, and here alone, the money-lender
was known by his real name, which was Jules Renault. He had assumed the other as a nom-de-guerre when first he began business. His unsociable habits, and the mystery attaching to his occupation, made him suspected by his fellow-lodgers of be-longing to the secret police, an idea which he rather encouraged, as it saved him the trouble of making acquaintances. Not half a dozen persons in Paris were aware that the wealthy money-lender of the Quartier d'Antin and the mysterious lodger in the Rue St. Jacques were one and the same individual.

One foggy November evening in the year 1865, he returned to his rooms, after a week's absence from town on business. Old Françoise, his housekeeper, was on her knees before the stove, blowing a sulky

fire, which had filled the room with smoke in spite of open door and window. "The Devil! Do you want to smother me?" her master exclaimed, pausing on the threshold.

She grunted something inaudible as she gave the recalcitrant fire a spiteful poke, He shrugged his shoulders and entered, glancing round with a slight shiver. Cheerless enough the room looked in the light of a flickering lamp, with its faded furniture, uncarpeted floor, and bare white pan-elled walls. Very cheerless; and he was cold and tired, and the smoke and the fog together made his eyes water, and sent him

into a paroxysm of coughing.

"Any letters or papers?" he asked when he could speak, as he drew off his gloves. The question was merely pro forma; few communications but the tax-collector's ever reached him in the Rue St. Jacques.

" No-yes, by-the-by, there is a letter; it came nearly a week ago—there."
She nodded towards the chimney-piece. He raised his brows in surprise, and examined the missive curiously before open-ing it. His face suddenly darkened with a

frown.

"Fontainebleau, eh? another 'last appeal,' after an interval of three years. Well, it can follow its predecessors." and he was about to consign it to the fire, unread, when his eye was caught by the address.

"A woman's handwriting—ah! that is

something new. Can it be-"
He hesitated a moment, then sat down at the table, drew the lamp towards him, and opened the letter.
"Dear Uncle Jules," it began.

He started, and glanced at the signature "Edmée Lafeuillade." "Good Heavens—then Louise left a daughter, and I never knew it! It is true I always burnt her husband's letters un-He turned back to the beginning. read."

"DEAR UNCLE JULES,-You will be sur-DEAR UNCLE JULES.—10u will be surprised to receive a letter from your unknown niece, but though I am a stranger to you, I can not feel that you are one to me; dear mother used so often to speak of you, and of the days long ago, when you and she lived together. I know what a grief your estrangement was to her—" estrangement was to her-"

"The estrangement was of her own making," interpolated the reader; "she cut herself adrift from me when she man ried Victor Lafeuillade, a vagabond with out a sou in his pocket, or an idea in hi-head, who fancied himself an embryo-Raphael—ah, bah!"

"Since my father's death' ("so he idead? well, well!") "I have been pupiteacher at Madame Vernier's, but now that she has given up her school I must fin another home. I have not, that I know o a relative in the world but yourself. Ma I come to you?" ("Cool, I declare!") " shall not be a burden to you, for though do not inherit my dear father's genius ("save the mark!") "I think I paint well ("save the mark!") "I think I paint well enough to carn my own living. Even if I can not sell my pictures I can always teach. I am compelled to leave here on Tuesday, and if I do not hear from you to the contrary I shall venture to take for granted your permission." ("Tuesday? Why that is to-day; if I had only known—") "Dear uncle, please let me come to you! I am so lonely, and the world is so wide and so cold.—Your affectionate niece,

EDMEE LAFEULLIADE."

EDNEE LAFEUILLADE."

For some misutes he sat with the letter in his hand, rubbing his chin and staring absently at the last lines. Then, slightly shaking his head, as if in answer to his thoughts, he methodically refolded and restored it to the envelope.

"Out of the question. However, she can stay for a day or two till I can make other arrangements. Françoise," he continued aloud, "you must prepare a bed-room for my niece, do you hear? It is likely that she will arrive this evening."

If he had announced that he expected a

white elephant she could scarcely have looked more astonished. What? your niece? Didn't know you

"I didn't know myself till a few mo-ments ago, Her father is dead, it seems, and has left his child a beggar—but that was to be expected of the man.

"And what are you going to do with the girl?" the old woman inquired sourly, giancing at him over her shoulder. "Keep her here in idleness while you are scraping together money for her to squander when

you're dead? Folly!"

"A folly your master is not likely to commit, my good friend. My niece will find—hark, what was that?" he broke off. It was a knock, or rather a modest tap, at the outer door, and it had been twice repeated before it attracted their attention. At the third repetition Françoise obeyed

A girlish figure, muffled in dark wraps, stood on the threshold. "Monsieur Renault ?" said a young voice,

interrogatively.
"Come in," the woman answered, and drew back for her to pass into the room.

The money-leader had hastily moved the lamp, so that the light fell full upon his visitor's features as she entered, leaving his

"Uncle, I am Edmée," she said, and approached him shyly, holding out two little gloved hands, and looking up into his face anxiously, wistfully, with a mixture of hope and fear. He looked at her in return as it she were a ghost; and, indeed, she seemed one to him. With all the heart he possessed he had once loved his young sister, and here was her very self, standing before him, with just that wistful look he knew

"I hope you are not displeased with me for coming," the girl said anxiously, as he did not speak, "but-but I had nowhere else to go. Uncle Jules," she added with a pleading smile, "won't you say that you are glad to see me?"

I am - you are welcome," he said abruptly, rousing himself, and he just touched her forehead with his lips. "I have been out of town, and only just received your letter. How did you learn my "I found it among my father's papers. He wrote to you, I think, shortly before he

"I received a letter-yes. You have brought some luggage, I suppose?"
"The boxes are in the back at the door." "Go down, Françoise; pay the man, and have them brought up, and then see if you can make this fire burn. Pouf! Confound

the smoke! " "It wants a little coaxing," Edmée said quickly, and the next moment she had drawn of her gloves, and was on her knees before the stove.

"I am a very domestic character, Uncle "I am a very domestic character, Unck Jules," she said, smiling up at him as she plied the bellows; "the girls used to say I was a housemaid spoilt. There, I think it will do nicely now, and if I had a hearth brush—ah, there!" In a twinkling she had made the hearth neat, and rose, looking with satisfaction at her work.

The fire was burning cheerily now, and the flickering blaze brought out the golden.

the flickering blaze brought out the golden gleams in her fair hair and lighted up her face; a sweet attractive face, full of bright ness and courage, yet touched with pen-siveness. The features in repose had a faint air of melancholy, as if life's shadows had already fallen upon them.

She took of her hat and glanced round

"And this is your home," she said thoughtfully, "I tried to picture it to my-self, but—" self, but-"But your picture was not much like the

reality? No, I suppose not, or you would not have been quite so anxious to come to me," was his dry conclusion.
"If I had known before how-how sad t was, I should have wanted to come to

on long ago," she answered gently. He scrutinized her keenly under his bent brows. "Has any one told you-ridiculous rumors get abroad sometimes-that I am a

She looked up with the grave innocent wonder of a child, and shook her head. "No; I always fancied you were poor. It is so, is it not?'

He scraped his chin, looked meditatively between the bars of the stove.
"Umph, well-riches and poverty are comparative terms. I am certainly not so rich as I could wish to be. Few people

"I am glad you are not rich," Edmée said simply. "I could not have added to your happiness then as I think I can now if you will let me. There is a line in an old rost that I am year fond of . Affection old poet that I am very fond of: 'Affection is a hardy plant that flourishes best in a Don't you think it's true?' He took a pinch of snuff, and shrugged

his shoulders. "It may be. I can't tell. Experience has taught me that there is only one kind of affection which it is absolutely safe to be-

What kind is that ?" "The regard every man feels for-him-self, and his own interests. 'Self' is the pivot on which the world turns." She looked up quickly to make sure he was in earnest, then gazed at the fire with a very grave face for several minutes without

speaking.

When she raised her eyes to his again they had a look of wistful pity which dis-

concerted and puzzled him.
"What a sad, sad life yours must have been if you have learned to doubt the very existence of affection," she said softly. "Since my mother left you there has been no one to-ah, yes; I can understand. Poor Uncle Jules!"

She took the hand that hung at his side as he stood near her, and raised it to her lips, then laid it caressingly against her cheek. He did not withdraw it.

It was an odd, but not unpleasant sensa tion, the pressure of that soft cool cheek It was ludicrous, no doubt that this little beggar at his gates should presume to pity him, still he did not resent her compassion. It even dimly occurred to him that he had need of it. Certainly, when he came to think of it, his home was sad enough, and his life-

But at this point his reflections were in-terrupted by Edmée. "I may stay with you, may I not?" she whispered. "You would not be happy here, even

supposing I—"
"Indeed, indeed I should. Ah, you don't know how sweet it is, after living among strangers so long, to have some one of one's own kin to love; some one that belongs to me, as you do. Do not send me away—do not!".

She came closer to his side, and clasping

her hands on his arm let her head sink on his shoulder.
No words could have moved him as did the mute appeal of those little clinging hands, the confiding pressure of the fair head on his breast. His heart was stirred

by an emotion utterly new to him, or, if not new, long forgotten; a feeling which

he had thought was buried in his sister's He put his hand gently under the girl's chin, and for a moment regarded her

"Stay, then, child, if you will," he said abruptly, and turned from her without another word.

Edmée sang soitly to herself as she sat at her casel. Her brush was seldom idle, and she was delighted to find that her paintings met with a ready sale. It happened so for-tunately that "Uncledule's" employer was a picture-dealer!

a picture dealer!

Five months had passed since she came to the Rue St Jacques; it was now the first week in April. A golden spring evening was drawing to a close, the street below was in shadow, but one slanting ray of sunlight lingered in the room, flickering round the girl's head as if loth to leave her.

She were a knot of violets at her here. She were a knot of violets at her breast, and there were more on the chimney piece,

filling the room with the breath of spring Pictures and sketches brightened the pan elled walls, books and work made a pretty feminine litter on a side table. The place had acquired that look of home which only a woman's presence can give. M. Renault sat at his escritoire, writing letters with a rapid pen; not so absorbed

in his correspondence, however, that he could not glance now and then at his com-Looking up presently from his task, Edmée met his eyes and smiled, with that bright fearless look of confidence and sympathy which never greeted him on any face

"Uncle, I wish you would put away those tiresome papers. You ought not to bring the office home with you." "They are letters which must be answered to-night. You don't want me to get

"He works you to hard; he is a tyrant, that Monsieur Vautreau. Ciel-what a name?" she exclaimed, with a little shrug: 'it reminds one of vulture.' He looked up quickly.

into trouble with my chef ?"

Who told you my - my employer's name ? " She pointed to an envelope, bearing his business address in full.

"Somehow, though I don't know him, I

nave a prejudice against him," she added. He glanced at her under his spectacles. "Not a few persons who do know him, share it, I believe," he remarked drily, "But he has not been a bad friend to me, on the whole. In fact, I may say that everything I possess I owe to 'Monsieur Vau-

"Indeed? Then I will try to like him. "'Veux-tu mon cœur ? il est a tol." "That song is a favorite of yours," he said, after a pause, writing on.
. She blushed, for no apparent reason,

and was suddenly mute. "I have heard some one else sing it," he continued, as he folded his letter. was it, now? Ah-I recollect."

She looked up inquiringly.

"No one you know. A client of mine—
of ours, I mean. By-the-by, that reminds
me, I must look him up to-morrow."

"Is he a painter?" Edmee asked quickly.

"I worder." I wonder She checked herself, and left the sentence

unfinished. "Yes, he is an artist," her uncle returned, he paints for—Monsieur Vautreau, as you do. Apropos, Mademoiselle, you ought to speak more respectfully of your patron—"
"Especially as he pays so liberally," she
returned, smiling. "Why, we shall be

returned, smiling, quite rich soon!" M. Renault took snuff demurely.
"It is his interest to encourage rising Edmèe looked at her work critically with her head on one side, then lifted her pretty

shoulders and eyebrows.

"Mine will never rise much above medi-ocrity, I'm afraid." "You have a decided gift, and you have been well taught---"
"Yes, by my tather, and afterwards by an artist who was our drawing-master at

school. That is one of his sketches," she

added, pointing to a water-color drawing on the wall, a glade in the forest of Fon-. "A clever study of foliage," he said, glancing at it. "I should say he had tal-

"Genius," she corrected softly, with a proud light in her eyes which her uncle did not see; "he is poor and obscure now, but the world will hear of him some day." "Well, it may, if he makes noise enough; but if he is timid or modest he may possi-

bly end as many a 'genius' has before him. by dying in a garret." To that she made no reply, and there was silence till Françoise entered to lay the cloth. M. Renault had taken to dining at home of late, having the dinner sent in

from a neighboring restaurant.

"Have you been down stairs to inquire for letters, Françoise?" Edmèe asked, as she began to collect her painting materials. "I went this morning—"
"But something may have come since." "Well, mam'zelle, your legs are younger

than mine," the old housekeeper answered bluntly, giving the cloth a flap before she spread it. Edmee laughed. Very true; I will go myself," she said pleasantly, and left the room. "Always asking for letters-nonsense,

grumbled Françoise, under her breath; "and who does she expect to hear from, I want to know ?" "From some of her school friends, probably. Who else should it be?"
"Humph!" grunted the old woman,
with so much significance that her master

looked up.
"The last letter she had was directed in a man's handwriting, m'sieu, and the post mark was Paris, not Fontainebleau. It's my belief the girl has got a lover, and if "Silence!" he interrupted sharply, as

Edmèe's footstep was heard outside.
The next moment she entered, disap-"You did not find a letter, then?" her uncle inquired, looking at her curiously. She shook her head. "Who is the friend you are so anxious to hear from ?" he asked; some one you knew at Madame Ver-

Françoise, who was listening with undisguised curiosity for her reply. "No—yes, some one I knew at school." Françoise gave an incredulous sniff, and put down the plates with a clatter. M. Renault's face darkened; he turned from the girl abruptly and busied himself with hls papers, more hurt than he cared

She blushed and hesitated, glancing at

to acknowledge by what he deemed her want of candor. But in fact she wished nothing more than to take him into her confidence, and was thinking how provokingly it happened that Françoise was present just then. After dinner, when they were alone together, she found it impossible to recur to the subject, for M. Renault produced a formidable look. ing account book, and buried himself in it for the rest of the evening.

"But to-morrow—to-morrow evening I will tell him all," she resolved. On the following morning "Monsieur Vautreau" made his appearance at the shop in a mood which his assistant described in confidence to himself as "crush. ing."

To do the money-lender justice, it was but seldom he indulged in such a frame; as a rule, however he might try other people's tempers, he contrived to keep his

At about eleven o'clock he went out,

greatly to his spoordinate's renet, announcing that he should be absent about an hour. It was a sweet Spring morning, mild and It was a sweet Spring morning, mild and sunny, with a soft breeze and a limpid blue sky. Paris, with its dazzlingly white house. fronts, its brilliant boulevards, where the trees were just bursting into leaf, its bloom-ing gardens, its fountains splashing and sparkling in the sunshine, its general air of brightness, lightness, and newness, looked like a fairy city, conjured up in a single

The money-lender, who never noticed the weather except when it compelled him to wear an overcoat or carry an umbrella, went his way leisurely, with his hands behind him, acknowledging the greetings of passing acquaintances by touching the brim of his hat with his forefinger. Down the Rue de la Chaussèe d'Antin, crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, into the once aristocratic Rue Louis-le-Grand. He stop. ped at a tall, faded-looking house at the further end of the street, with a hair. dresser's shop on the ground-floor. Toil-ing up four flights of slippery stairs, he paused at a door, on which was nailed a card with the inscription: "Lèon Leclere; Artiste-Peintre," and applied his knuckles

very discreetly to the upper panel.
His modest summons meeting with no response, he opened the door a few inches

and looked in. A large light bare room, unfurnished, except for a small pallet-bed in one corner, and the usual litter of an artist's studio easels, canvases, a lay figure half smoth-ered in drapery, dusty plaster casts, and

anatomical drawings.

Near the window was a tall easel supporting a half-finished picture, and before it, in a paint-stained holland blouse, and down-at-heel slippers, with his dark hair in disorder about his forehead, sat the artist, have Lealers. Leon Leclere.

He was a tall, slight young fellow of four or five-and-twenty, with a handsome olive face, mobile lips, and "dark eyes full of dreams" under fine level brows. There were haggard shadows under his eyes, and between the brows was that upright furrow which is so pathetic in a young face, telling as it does of some deep-seated grief or gnawing care.

He had pallet and brushes in hand, but he was not painting. He sat with one elbow on his knee, in a listless attitude, pulling the ends of his long moustache and staring moodily at the picture before The visitor, after watching him a few moments in silence, coughed to attract his attention. He started and turned, and

seeing who it was, rose and made a hasty movement as if he would have concealed the picture. He checked himself, however, and stood with the color mantling in his dark cheek, looking with an expression, half proud, half defiant, and altogether hostile, at the intruder. "Good-day, Monsieur Leclerc. I startled you, I fear," the latter began, in his dry, deliberate tones, as he entered and closed

"I did not hear you knock."

"No,'you were—h'm—busy. Why, what is this?" he continued, approaching the easel. "I have not seen this canvas be-

Lèon dabbed some more color on his palette and began to paint with sudden "I know you have not. I did not intend you to see it till it was exhibited in the Salon."

His companion gave him an odd look under his bent brows. "Ah, indeed? it was not intended for me, then? Humph!" de adjusted his spectacles with great

nicety, and backed away from the picture till he got it at the proper focus. It represented a street of sombre stone houses in mediæval Florence; in the foreground were the figures of three ladies, advancing towards the spectator: two were clad in rich, dark draperies, the third, who walked between her companions, in spot-less white. The face of this figure was unfinished. At the side, in the shadow of a heavy portico, stood a youth, who was gazing at the maiden in white with a look of rapt and passionate admiration.

"The meeting of Dante and Beatrice," the artist explained, "from a passage in the 'Vita Nuova.' There is the book on the table."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

Our Glorious Independence. What can be more glorious than to be independent of suffering, caused by dys-pesia, indigestion, constipation, sick headache, or other diseases emanating from the stomach. This can be easily gained by a timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

The Oldest Pensioner.

|Baltimore American.] Maryland can probably claim the oldest pensioner in the United States in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Cretzer, who resides in the Ninth District of Baltimore County, upon the York road. She was one hundred and three years old last December, and is the widow of John Cretzer, of Captain Parry's company of Maryland militia, who served in the war of 1812. Notwithstanding her advanced age she can walk about the house and attend to household duties. She has the record of her birth and her marriage to John Cretzer in the year of 1801. Her sight and hearing are good, and her men-tal faculties are in excellent preservation. On Tuesday she was driven to receive her pension payment at Major An-derson's office on Calvert street, and he would not give her the trouble to alight; he carried her check to her at the carriage, and found her thoroughly cheerful and in the humor for quite a talk. She is believed to be the oldest pensioner if not the oldest person, in the United

Kidney Complaint Cured.

B. Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes "I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and often unable to attend to business; I procured your Burlock Blood Bitters and was re-lieved before half a bottle was used. I intend to continue, as I feel confident that they will entirely cure me." Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

The Indianapolis Journal says:-In loooking over some old records yesterday a Journal reporter ran across a message that was sent by Jonathan Jennings, then Governor of Indiana, to John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State. There was a need here for some guns and ammunition, and Governor Jennings sent a requisition for them to Mr. Calhoun in the following words:-

Dear Good John C., I send to thee For three great guns and trimmings. Pray send them to hand, Or you'll be dammed. By order of Jonathan Jennings. "Governor of Indiana."

Three citizens of Ohio have occupied the President's chair, to-wit: Harrison, Hayes and Garfield. The only one who served a full term was not elected by the people. Of the two who were elected, Harrison died after a month's service, and Garfield lived six and one half months after he was inaugurated.